monsters

& nonsenses

rhymes without reason & fables in the absurd style

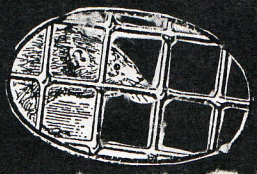
by Rachel Diamond

with an introduction by the Reverand John Xerxes Piehe

a few words of refinement:

THE VARMITS THEMSELVES

It isn't real clear why anyone would want to live in a chimney,



I couldn't help but think about all the times she pulled out the can of spray paint to blow it across that tiny stencil she carried in the left pocket of the pants she never took off, indoors.

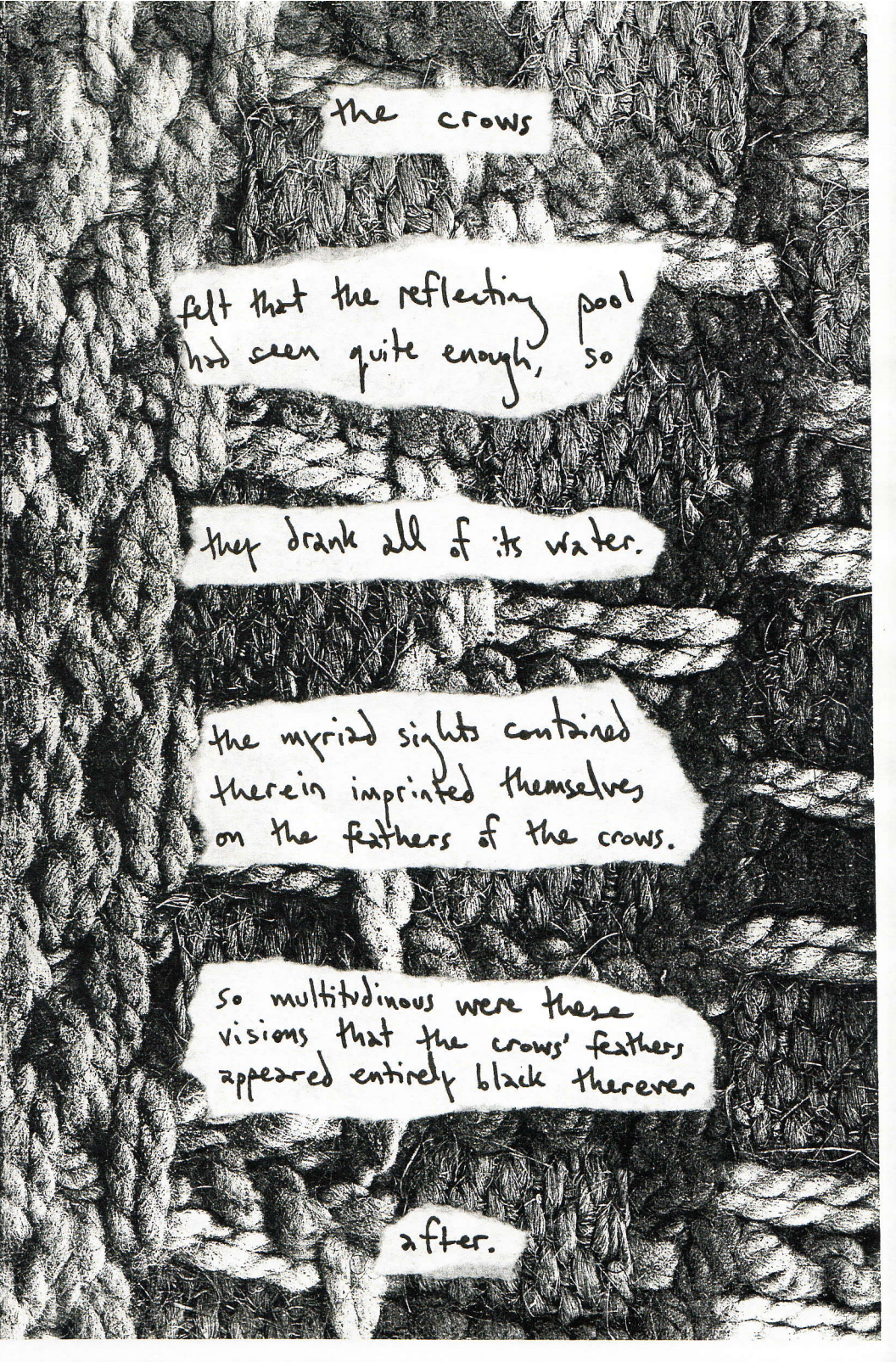
She would smile, fanning the smear of paint dry, then reply,

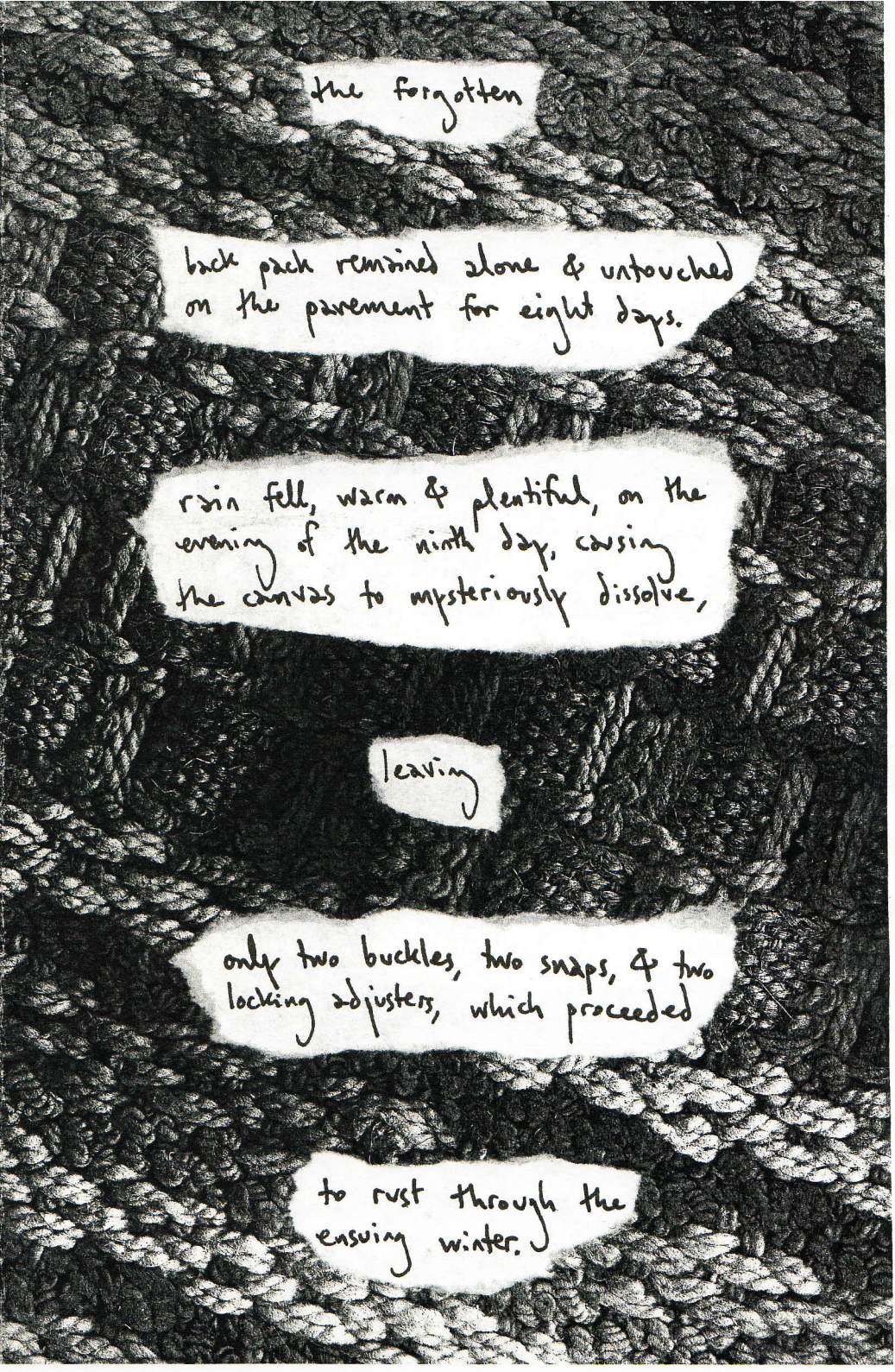
"Have fun on your adventures, little one."

Every goddamn time.

- R.JXP Cleveland Heights, 07.06

MD

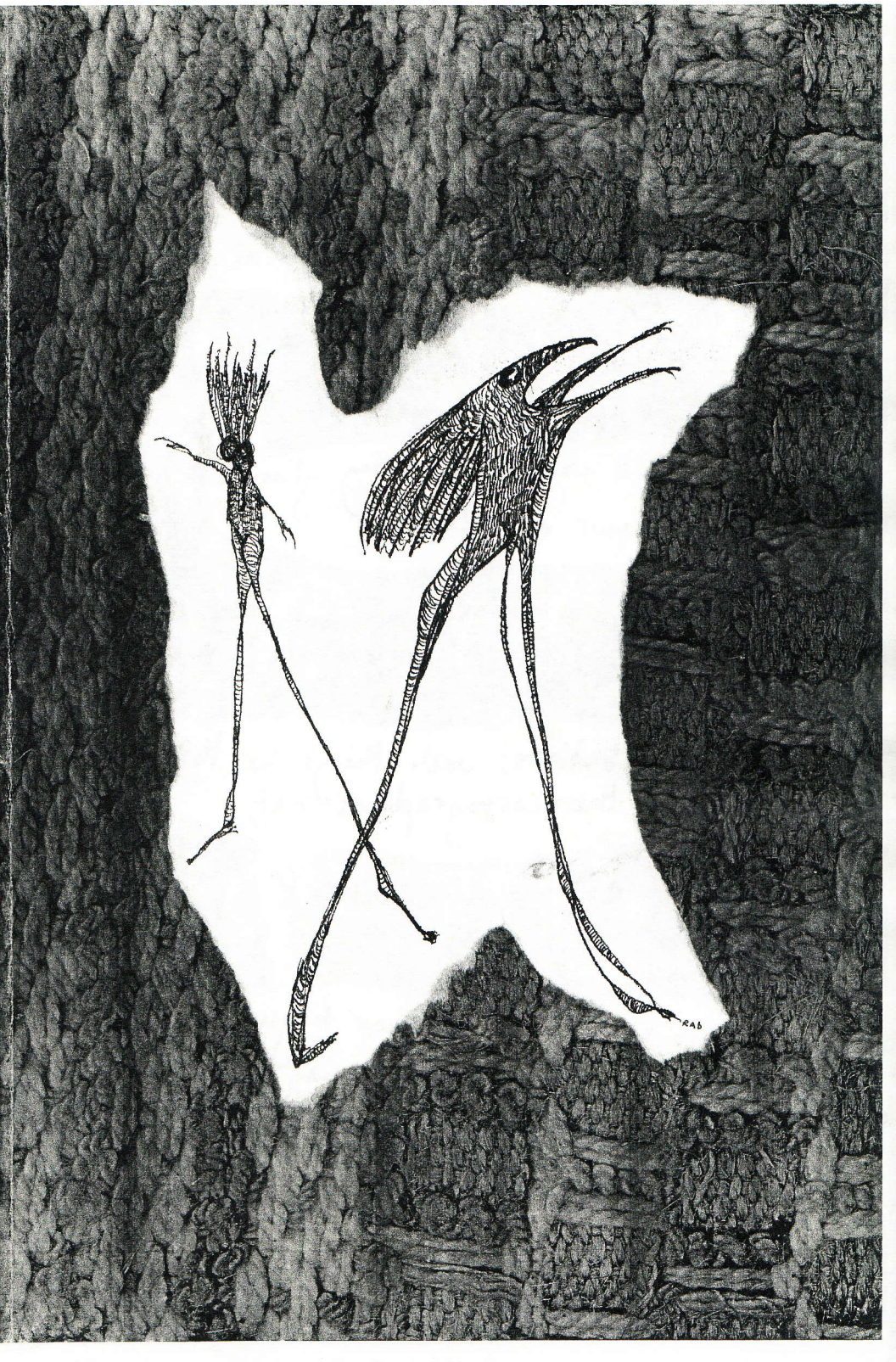

the crows
felt that the reflecting pool had seen quite enough, so
they drank all of its water.
the myriad sights contained therein imprinted themselves on the feathers of the crows.
so multitudinous were these visions that the crows' feathers appeared entirely black thereafter.

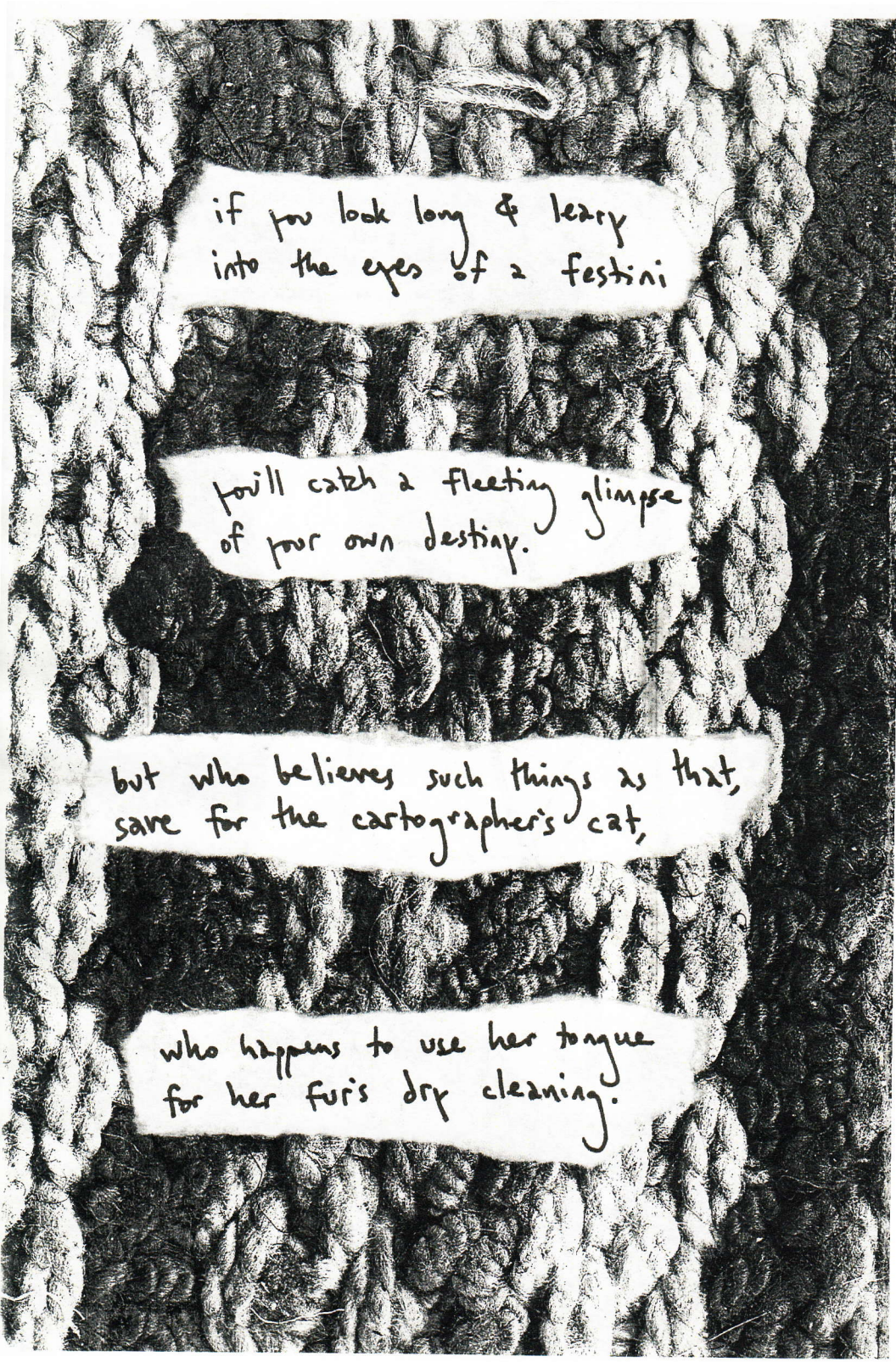

the forgotten
back pack remained alone & untouched on the pavement for eight days.
rain fell, warm & plentiful, on the evening of the ninth day, causing the canvas to mysteriously dissolve,
leaving
only two buckles, two snaps, & two locking adjusters, which proceeded
to rust through the ensuing winter.

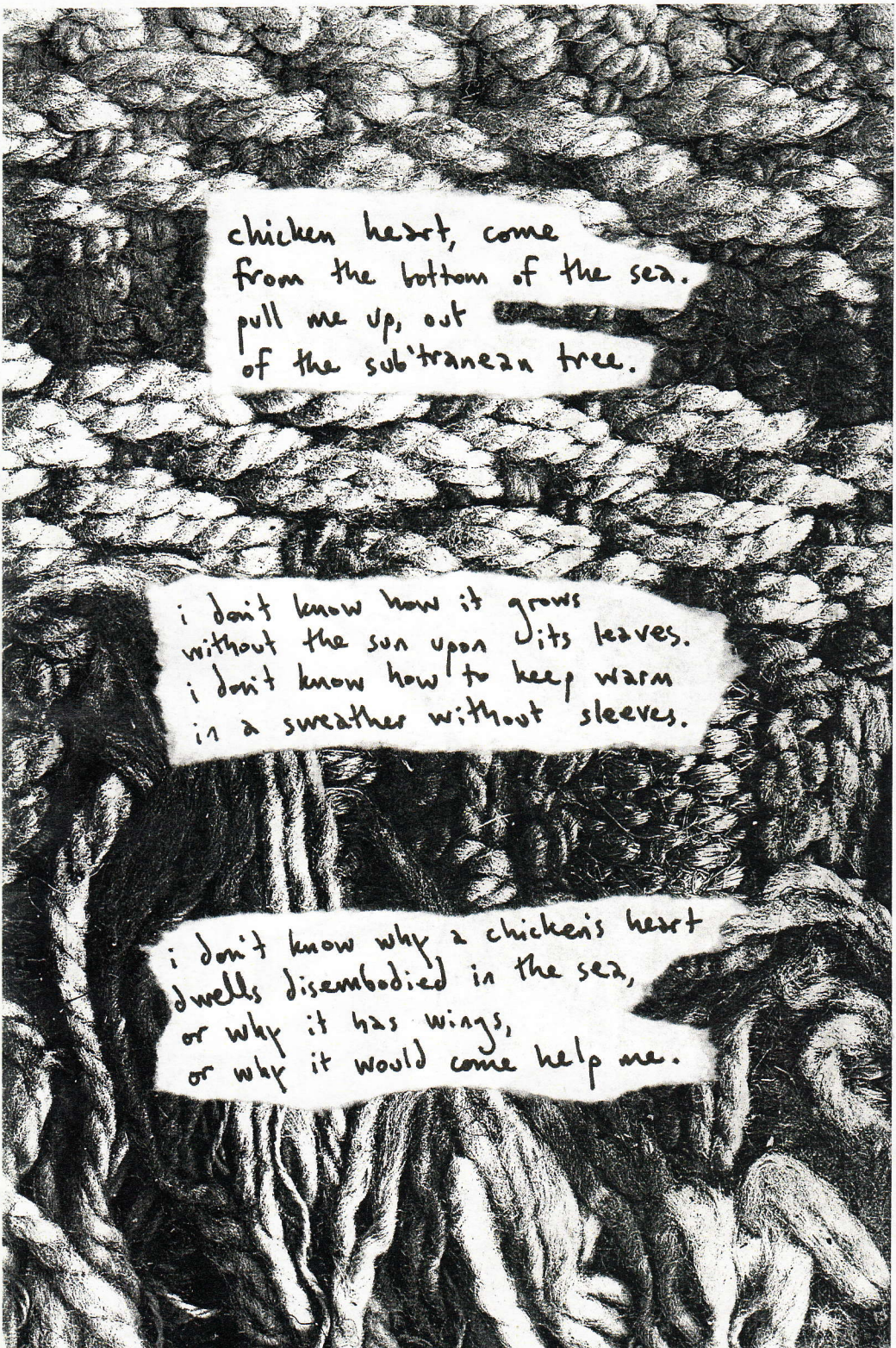
the discarded top
did not mind the cheap beer spilled on him, nor the air thick with stale tobacco, unclean bodies & an overabundance of garlic, but
he really did not care for the wishy washy music played beside him

that night.
RAD

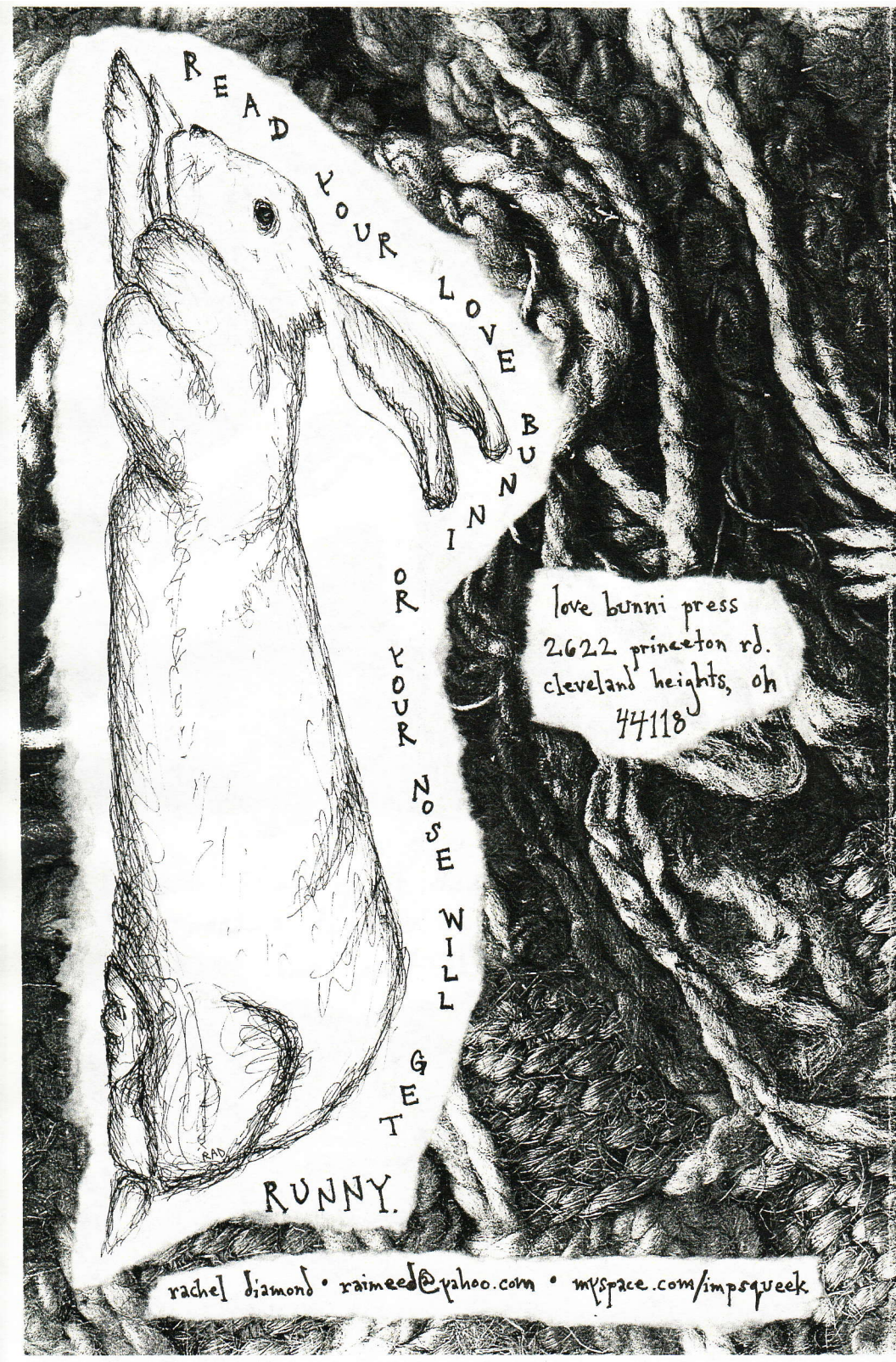
the stepping birds
with wings absurd
& beakses more like snouts
go up this way, down that lane,
out-right, left insane,
all smelling of chocolate & kraut.


RAB


if you look long & leary
into the eyes of a festini
you'll catch a fleeting glimpse
of your own destiny.
but who believes such things as that,
save for the cartographer's cat,
who happens to use her tongue
for her fur's dry cleaning.


chicken heart, come
from the bottom of the sea.
pull me up, out
of the sub'tranean tree.
i don't know how it grows
without the sun upon its leaves.
i don't know how to keep warm
in a sweather without sleeves.
i don't know why a chicken's heart
dwells disembodied in the sea,
or why it has wings,
or why it would come help me.

but i know very well
the ways that things tend:
rhymes begun without reason—
thusly shall they end.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OR YOUR NOSE WILL GET
RUNNY.
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